

(I)

Machiavil's Advice

TO HIS

S O N.

Newly Translated out of *Italian* into *Englisb* Verse.

By R. L. Esq;

COME hither Son, and learn thy Fathers Lore,
 It is not now as hath been heretofore:
 For in my Youth no Man would read to me,
 That now in Age I can deliver thee.
 If thou wouldst be a Man of much esteem,
 Be not the same whatever so thou seem;
 Speak fair to all, be Courteous, Gentle, Kind,
 But let the World know nothing of thy mind.
 Let slip no time may be for thy avail,
 But trust no Friend, for faith begins to fail.
 Refuse no gift to fill thy Coffers full,
 The wisest Poor-man passes for a Gull.
 Be temperate in Effect, sober in talk,
 And often make a Solitary walk.
 Fickle conceits commit to memory,
 For written lines may lye in jeopardy.
 Affect no follies, do no quarrels move;
 And if thou love, thy self fail not to love.
 Have Ears for all Men, but confer with few,
 And count fair words to be but as a shew.
 Follow the Time, find Humours, flatter pride,
 And praise the Groom, but only please the Bride.
 Promise enough but not perform too much,
 But with thy Betters evermore keep touch.
 Strive not with great ones, meddle not with small,
 For trifles trouble not thy self withall.
 Frequent the Church, make show of great Devotion;
 And be not bashful to receive Promotion.
 Look big at Beggars; wear thine own Cloaths neat,
 And spend not too much Money on thy Meat.

A

Break

(10)

Break Jests on Cowards, but take heed of Knaves,
 And love no Bawds, for they are beastly Slaves.
 Be perfect in Arithmetick's close Art,
 In all accounts to make a saving part.
 Stand not to stare upon a Peacocks Tail,
 Who if he see his Legs will stoop his Sail.
 When *Jack-daws* chatter, let their Language go,
 Better be silent than to prattle so.
 Observe the Lyon, do not stir the Bear,
 And love the VVolf, but only for his Hair.
 Learn of the As to bear, the Dog to wait,
 And of the Ape to counterfeit conceit.
 Catch not at Flyes, they are but Swallows Food,
 But love the Meat that nourishes the Blood.
 Feed like the Wolf on blood whilst it is warm,
 He is a Fool that feels anothers harm.
 Yet seem as kind as she that seems to cry,
 To see him sick that she could wish to dye.
 Take heed of Interest, hell, mortgage no Land:
 And from Assurance ever keep thy hand.
 Take no Mans word, for Coin is hard to get,
 It is a Custom now to pay no debt.
 Learn to get Riches by the Beggars Purse,
 The Fox fares best, when Geese begin to curse.
 Work all the week for profit every way,
 But keep thy Conscience for the Holy-day.
 Pry into Trades, to Traffick, Train, and Trick,
 And live not by the Dead, but by the quick.
 And if thou be a Courtier, know thy Place;
 But do not starve for only show of Grace:
 But let thy Profit answer thy Expence,
 Lest VVant do prove a woful Patience:
 And thou do prove the Proverb often told,
 A careless Courtier young, a Beggar old.
 If that thou be a Scholar, and canst Preach,
 And knowest how the Vulgar sort to Teach;
 Let never Conscience at thy Profit knock,
 But sheer thy Sheep, and Fleece anothers Flock,
 For be thou poor, what e're thy Preaching be,
 Thy Parish will not care a Pin for thee.
 If that thou be a Souldier, serve for Fame;
 But let thy Golden Pay maintain the same:
 For he that spends more than he gets by Fight,
 Shall be a Beggar, though he be a Knight:
 If thou a Lawyer be, then know the right;
 But keep thy Client in a coming plight.
 For how canst thou a hearty pleading hold,
 If that thy Tongue be not well tip'd with Gold?
 And rich attir'd thou shalt have room to stand,
 And plead the Cause, what e're thou hast in hand.



But barely clad, and come in poor array,
 Thou maist perhaps have hearing at Dooms-day;
 For though the Law be right, and Judge be just;
 Yet with the Rich the Beggar may not thrust.
 If thou a Merchant be, then know thy Trade,
 And of thy Wars what reckoning will be made.
 And be not Lavish in a lewd expence:
 Lest Bankrupt prove a bad experience.
 If that thou be a Crafts-man, know thy pains,
 And let no Ale-house eat out all thy gains.
 For if expence above thy getting go,
 Thou wilt be quickly in the Beggars row.
 What says the crafty Clown in clouted Shoes.
 Time was ordain'd to get and not to lose.
 What though the Poor lye starving in the Ditch,
 It is the Dearth of Corn makes Farmers rich.
 Wear not thy Shoes too short, nor Cloak too long;
 Use thy Friends well, but do thy self no wrong.
 Abandon Fools, make much of rising Wits;
 But favour most that most thy profit fits.
 Sit not up late unless it be for gain,
 For want of sleep is hurtful to the Brain.
 Come not at Brawls, no quarrels see thou make,
 In a whole Skin 'tis best thy sleep to take.
 Go not to Sea, whilst thou mayst live at Land,
 Lest scaping Rocks thou fall upon a Sand.
 Be sociable in every Company;
 But have no hand in any Villany.
 Converſe with Strangers, and learn Languages,
 Sound their Estates, but not their Carriages.
 Know their Diversities of Wares, their worth and prices,
 But trouble not thy self with vain devises.
 Aim still at profit, how so e're it grow,
 Make the Wind serve thee where so e're it blow.
 For 'tis this Wealth, this Profit, and this Gain,
 That dies the Colour evermore in Grain.
 Learn the Physitians and the Lawyers Fee,
 And for thy Profit speak as fair as he.
 Promise the one good speed, the other health,
 In any course 'tis good to gather Wealth.
 Learn all Diseases, and their several Cures,
 And care not what the Patients Heart endures.
 But give him one day grief, another ease,
 Not as his Patience but his Purse doth please.
 Learn Cards and Dice and any cheating Play,
 That may bring in thy Profit any way.
 Learn how to stop a Card, or coga Dye;
 But shift it cleanly from the Gamesters Eye.
 At Ruff and Trump, note how the Dealer rubs,
 There is no Pack without the Knave of Clubs.

Dandle the Child, grow inward with the Nurse,
 And think no Slavery base that fills the Purse.
 Laugh with the Leacher at Maidens bashfulness;
 And with the chaste at fleshly filthiness:
 And with the Spend-thrift at the Misers Bags,
 And with the Miser at the Beggars Rags.
 Learn all Religions, be of every Sect;
 But chiefly to thy Profit have respect.
 In sum, of what Estate so ere thou be,
 Learn to be rich, for that will hold with thee.
 Perswade a Slave he is a Gentleman,
 Though he be crept out of the Dripping-pan.
 It is no matter, if his Purse can bear it,
 His Rascal Pride will never blush to hear it.
 Perswade a Clown that he is half a Knight,
 And that his Wealth deserves the Place aright:
 And his Maid *Marrian*, with her VVainscot-Face,
 Might be a Lady, but for want of Grace:
 And make her think that she is half a Queen,
 And scarce on Earth is such another seen;
 For Virtue, Beauty, VVit, Shape and Feature;
 Though Heaven knows she's no such kind of Creature.
 Thus if thou her applaud, it is no matter;
 He is a Fool, for Profit, cannot flatter.
 Commend a Souldier when he is in Crowns,
 And swear a Knight must govern over Clowns.
 In many Battels, how he Honour won;
 Although, poor Coward, still away he run.
 But yet thy Flattery be sure so to frame,
 That thine may be the gain, though his the Fame.
 Commend the Lawyer, and his Studies reading;
 Admire his Judgment, and extol his Pleading.
 But flatter so that if he get a Fee,
 Thou mayst have on't a share as well as he.
 Follow a Bishop with a world of praise,
 And make him as the Load-star of thy Days;
 Admire him, and extol him to the Skies,
 But so that thou mayst get a Benefice,
 A Vicaridge Cure, a Clark-ship, or some such
 As will return thee profit small or much.
 Commend the Merchant, honour his Adventure,
 VVho gets his VVealth by Danger, not Indenture;
 Commend his Trade, his Traffick and his Truth,
 The honour of his Age and toil of Youth;
 But yet with all be sure to flatter so,
 That to thy Purse no Price of Mony grow,
 But on his Board thy Trencher may be laid,
 Or borrowed Money never to be paid.
 And tell what lack ye, that he lacks no VVit.
 But for his Head that he deserves to sit

On higher Seats than the Church-Warden's Stools :
 For he has more Wit than a thousand Fools.
 But yet in feeding of his idle Vain,
 Be sure to pick out some old privy gain.
 A Rapier, Dagger, Stockings, Boots or Shoes,
 Something does well, though Beggars must not chuse.
 Tell Mistris *Minkins*, she that keeps the Shop,
 She is a Ship that bears a gallant Top;
 She is a Lady for her lovely Face,
 And that her Countenance hath a Princely Grace.
 Her Eyes Divine, commanding thy Devotions,
 Though they in Truth do watch each others motions.
 Tell her, her Breath perfumes the very Air,
 Though it be nought but Powder in her Hair.
 Then bite the Lip, and wink, and hang the Head,
 And give a sigh, as if thy Heart were dead :
 And shew strange Passions of Affections sense,
 That she may pity, love Sir Reverence.
 But let the issue of this cunning be,
 That from her Purse some Profit come to thee.
 A piece of Sattin, Fustian, or some Stuff,
 A falling Band, or a three-double Ruff,
 A Hat or Shirt, a Cloak cloth or a Ring;
 Knives, Purfes, Gloves, or some such pretty thing :
 For somewhat has some favour, 'tis the gain
 That still Invention gives the sweetest vain.
 Why tell a Cobler he is half a King,
 When on his Patches he can sit and sing,
 And knock his Last, and whet his cutting Knife,
 There is no Kingdom to a merry Life :
 But yet in telling of thy idle Tale,
 Be sure at last to get a Pot of Ale.
 For this same Nothing brings no World about,
 Better Play small Games then be quite shut out.
 If that thy Wife be fair, and thou be poore,
 Let her stand like a Picture at thy Door;
 Where though she do but pick her Fingers ends,
 Fair Eyes, fond looks will gain a World of Friends :
 Play at bo-peeps, see me, and see me not,
 It comes off well, that is so closely got.
 And evermore, I say, well fare th' event,
 That pays the Charges of the House and Rent.
 But if thy Wife be old, thy Daughter young,
 And fair of Face, or fluent of her Tongue;
 If by her Sutors Silver may be had,
 Bear with small faults, the good will help the bad.
 If thy Maid-Servants be kind-hearted VVenches,
 And closely make kind bargains on thy Benches :
 If by their pleasures may thy Profit grow,
 VVink at a VVanton; who hath not been so ?

Make love to Twenty Wenches in a day,
 But let no Eye-lids lead thy Heart away.
 But when thou find'st good store of Lands and Gold,
 Then lay in close to purchase a Free-hold,
 And be not squeamish at a nice conceit,
 That may persuade thee from a pleasing bait :
 Though she be Toothless, and Six-score years old,
 She makes up all defects that has but Gold.
 Get all contentment that the world can give,
 For after Death who knoweth how we live ?
 Come not within the Verdict of a Jury,
 Nor yet approach a Tyrant in his Fury ;
 Plot for a Pudding, or a peice of Sowse ;
 The Cat would never watch but for a Mouse ;
 The Fox would never hunt but for his Prey,
 And workmen but for gain would play all day.
 It is this Wealth, this Profit, and this Gain,
 That makes the Labourer sing away his pain.
 If thou be Rich, and hat'st anothers Pride,
 That he may go afoot, and thou may'st ride,
 Find means to feed his swelling humour so,
 That high conceit may above compass go :
 Till Fortune's frowns do so his folly check,
 That male-content do after break his Neck.
 Then lay in for his Lands, his Goods, his Place :
 But still be sure to keep thy self in Grace,
 And make no Conscience to attend on him,
 To keep the Door where Divels dance within ;
 Find a Rich Heir, and note his Disposition,
 How he is given to Baseness or Ambition ;
 And with thy Lending lay his Land aboard,
 That he may be thy Slave, and thou his Lord.
 If that thy Friend do lack a little Wit,
 And in his humour have an idle fit
 To take a Wife, and use thee for his Woing,
 Speak for thy Friend, but for thy self be doing.
 For every Friend is to his Friend a Debter,
 To love him as himself, but that no better.
 But for thy self, if thou hast got a Wife,
 Make shew to love her dearly as thy Life ;
 Though for thy quiet thou could'st be content
 A little charge were at her Burial spent ;
 And let that charge be of thy Grief the Ground,
 For many Wives are better lost than found.
 But if thou run into the second Matching,
 Be sure take heed, for fear of Cunny-catching ;
 Who in their hold will undermine so fast,
 They'l leave their Lordship like the Land of Waste :
 Suspect thy Wit, be weary of thy Will,
 And learn to spare, but never learn to spill.

Part with no Coin but upon good Condition,
 With humble Count'nance shadow thy Ambition,
 Creep, crouch, and kneel, until thou be aloft,
 But then sit fast for fear thou fall not soft;
 Be Rich, I say, (my Boy) be Rich and wise,
 Gold is a precious Mettal for the Eyes;
 Gold is a Cordial to a drooping Heart,
 Infusing Virtue into every Part;
 Gold bringeth Wisdom, Courage, and doth raise
 The Spirits, and renews the old Mans days.
 Why, Rich Men have much Mony and gay Geer,
 In goodly Houses, and most dainty Chear;
 Fair Wives, fair Pictures, Plays and Morrice-Dances,
 And many Cheats that come by many Chances:
 Fine Civet Boxes, sweet Perfumes and Waters,
 And Twenty other such-like kind of Matters:
 While the Poor Man that pines for want of Friends,
 May sit and sigh, and pick his Fingers ends,
 And every Morning wash his Face with Tears,
 And wipe his blubber'd Cheeks with shriveled Hairs,
 And walk abroad for sorrows Recreation,
 Or starve himself, or feed on Contemplation,
 Make Curt'sie to the Shadow of a Lord,
 And all to get a look, or half a Word;
 Blush and fall back when gay folk come in Place,
 And start to look a Lady in the Face.
 If thou talk'st to the Air, where no Man heares thee,
 Or plod'st alone where no Man will come near thee,
 And chuse recording of a heavy care,
 Thou may'st feed long upon a hungry fare;
 Till some good Knight or learned Gentleman,
 That will not be a *Machevillian*,
 But can make uses of afflicted Brains,
 And gather profit from their toiling Pains,
 May hap to Grace thee with a Countenance,
 Give thee a Blew-Coat with a Cognizance;
 An old cast Doublet, or a paire of Boots,
 Feed thee with Brown-Bread, small Beer, Herbs and Roots,
 And now and then perhaps a piece of Meat,
 That scarce a Man would give a Dog to Eat:
 Or after haply some good Service done,
 Make thee a Tutor to his youngest Son.
 Laugh at these Fools, and speak in scorn of pelf,
 Yet care for nothing but t' enrich thy self.
 For those do say that do of wise things Treat,
 If thou be Rich, thou quickly wilt be Great.
 Think no Man wise but he that gathers Wealth,
 And keeps a Dyet that preserves the Health.
 Travel with ease, take heed of taking Cold;
 What makes more cheerful than full Bags of Gold?

Commit

Commit no secrets to thy second self,
 For never yet was Ape but plaid the Elfe.
 Set Snares for Woodcocks, Pitfalls for small Birds,
 And catch a Fool with nothing but fair Words.
 Kill not a Fly, and let a Flea alone,
 That sucks the Blood, but never hurts the Bone.
 File not thy Fingers with a filthy Star,
 And ride not often on a gall'd-back Cur.
 Fear not a Shadow, but avoid a Danger,
 And do not keep a Jade at Rack and Manger.
 Disswade no Princes from their choice of Pleasure,
 Nor a Rich Miser from his love of Treasure:
 If he be Rich, whatever-so he be,
 Seem in thy humour to be just as he;
 If he be Poor, then let him beg alone,
 It is a Trade that few grow rich upon.
 Learn to know Kingdoms, Nations, and their Natures,
 Their Laws, their Judgments, Male and Female Creatures;
 But in all Notes, note chiefly this of all,
 How thou may'st rise whoever hap to fall.
 For whatsoever honest minds surmise,
 To increase Wealth is best of Policies.
 Be rich therefore, I say, be rich my Son,
 For Wealth will sway the World when all is done.



FINIS.

A N
E P O D E

To his worthy Friend

Mr. John Dryden,

To Advise him not to Answer Two malicious Pamphlets against his Tragedy called, *The Duke of Guise*.

C A N Angry Frowns rest on thy Noble Brow
For Trivial Things?

Or can a stream of muddy Water flow
From th' Muses Springs?

Or great *Apollo* bend his Vengeful Bowe
Gainst popular Stings?

Desist thy Passion then; do not engage
Thy self against the Wittals of the Age.

Should we by stiff *Tom Thimbles* Faction fall,
Lord! with what noise

The *Coffee-Throats* would bellow! and the Ball
O'th *Change* rejoyce!

And, with the Company of *Pinnars-hall*,
Lift up their Voice!

Once the Head's gone, the Good Cause is secure,
The Members cannot long resist our Pow'r.

Cross not their Humours, let the Wits proceed,
Till they have thrown

Their Venom up; and made themselves indeed
Rare Fops O'regrown:

Let them on nasty Garbage Prey, and Feed,
Till all is done:

And by thy great resentment think it fit,
To crush their Hopes as humble as their Wit.

Consider the occasion, and you'll find
Your self severe:

And unto Rashness much more here enclin'd,
By far than there.

Con-

(11)